

MANITOBA MEETS ALBERTA IN FREE DEBATE TONIGHT

Varsity Meets Moose Domers In Two Game Series

Department of Extension Inaugurates Radio Tours

Directed by Walter Beaumont—Various University Departments to Be Subject of Weekly Lectures Over CKUA

By C. K. H.

At last the University is coming into its own, and the Province of Alberta is to learn of the value of the University, not only to the students who attend, but to every person in the province. Contrary to popular opinion, which supposes the U. of A. to be a parasite, the University is an institution which aids everyone from the rich oil magnate down to the poor farmer.

The gigantic task of informing the public of the vast reservoir of assistance which is now functioning has been undertaken. The architect and designer is Mr. Wally Beaumont, who is an Arts student and author in attendance at the University. In the opinion of the designer, the people of Alberta wish to know about the University and it is better to let them hear from the true source rather than from a contaminated side stream.

Every Thursday at 1:15 p.m., Mr. Beaumont conducts a radio tour through one of the departments of the institution, showing his tourists the aids which that department gives to the people of the province at large.

A tour through the Provincial Laboratory on January 18 was the initial journey, and revealed many little known facts. Who would suppose a head of a department in a university would spend his valuable time answering inquisitive questions? He did, and what is more, he was even pleased to see the inquiring visitors, and did his best to answer their questions.

We find that the laboratory's main functions and activities lie in a protective service to the public; it even goes as far as helping in the capture and conviction of criminals by means of identifying bloodstains. What if the milk supply of Alberta became contaminated with tuberculosis germs? Such would be the case if the provincial laboratory were to discontinue its investigations and supply of vaccine for the prevention of this terrible disease.

Blood tests for cancer are made and reported on and chances for cure are estimated. When drinking water is to be tested it is the provincial laboratory of the University that does it, and it is from there that warnings of typhoid germs are issued. When a source of typhoid cannot be found, the laboratory comes to the rescue and finds it; the spread of infection can then be curbed.

Not only does this department of the University work here on the University campus, but it also sends out men throughout the province, and

assist in hospitals wherever they are needed. It works in close conjunction with the Department of Health both of the city and of the province, testing samples and supplying serum.

One department has proven its usefulness as far as the province is concerned, and if you want to hear the rest prove their worth, tune in your radio to CKUA every Thursday at 1:15 p.m. The next two will be the Department of Electrical Engineering and the Provincial Analyst.

FIRST COMPETITION PAPER IS HEARD

Bill Holloway Speaks on Gold Dredging

The first of a series of competition of papers was heard by the Engineers last Friday. This was for the Engineering Society prize of twenty-five dollars. It is open to Engineers, and will be judged by a committee of faculty members and student executive. The paper is usually based on some experience done in summer work.

Bill Holloway spoke on gold dredging in Alberta. The operations took place on the Macleod River. At the present time many difficulties are being faced trying to make a low grade ore pay.

A small amount of business was carried out, and tea was served as usual.

NATURE DRAWINGS NOW ON EXHIBIT

Works of Edmonton Artist Attracting Attention in Arts Building Display

Mr. Evan Greene, an Edmonton artist, noted for his hitch-hike across Europe, is a true student of nature drawing. He works in a medium of water color, transferring his impressions instantaneously and at a moment's thought. No lines, no plans are made and no outlines—the picture is caught just before it fades. Golden sunshine, the mist of falling rain and the blur of a storm, washed rolling dawn is seen momentarily and recorded on paper by firm brush strokes of subdued and then brilliant color. To really enjoy and appreciate the drawings they must be viewed at some little distance.

A moment's impression is caught in "Autumn Light," that of a golden, hazy and sun-filled atmosphere blended with deep purples. The color is splashed on in blotches and the whole speaks of lazy autumn days.

In sharp contrast to the above is the "Last Light," a scene showing a patch of light breaking through pendant storm-laden clouds. The clouds are grey to deep purple. The trees in the background are shadowy and heavy with rain. The boat in the foreground is painted with a few, short and concise strokes.

"Liverpool from Birkenhead" is a masterpiece in greys and blue greys. A grey scene—grey fog-filled air above the grey sea. Blue lines show waves. The smoky clouds hang low. Life, movement and color dominate "Street Repairs." The sunshine is hot and shines on the houses turning them to yellow and yellow-orange. A strong move in the street, forming a background for the laborers at their work.

A white fountain sparkling in the sun is the main feature of "Cheyne Walk, Chelsea." It is standing in the midst of a colorful street scene. The stone fence is curved and the figures are vivid patches of color.

A dainty water color is "Battersea Bridge," combining a graceful purple arch with light pinks.

One of the most natural of the prints is Sussex Downs. The hills are purple-tipped; the foreground is a glorious riot of color, showing marvellously the joyous abandon with which nature paints her beauties.

A touch of tranquil old-world beauty is found in the placid scene, "Early Morning Light." The road is broad, sweeping and sun-patched, while the early sunshine glows on the house-tops.

Mr. Green's pencil drawings are well worth noting for their naturalness of contour, firmness of stroke and finesse of finish.

INTER-VARSITY DEBATE TONIGHT

GREEN AND GOLD CARDS ADMIT STUDENTS

Here is a short sketch of the visiting debaters of Manitoba who will clash in verbal argument with our own stalwart arguers in the coming inter-varsity debate.

Joseph Zuken, now a second year Law student, started his debating career in Toronto in public school, and took his high school work at St. John's High School, where he organized a debating union. He has become well known through his participation in regular Arts debates, the U.M.D.U. debates, and the Law debates. At present he is executive chairman of the Progressive Arts Club, and also director of Dramatics for this same organization. He is keen on the U.S.S.R., and will try to form contacts in Edmonton.

William Buchanan, student in fifth year Arts, has a debating career no less distinguished than his colleague, having also been active since his high school days in controversy. He has been editor of the Bulletin Board for Vox, the Wesley College publication. At present he is taking his M.A. degree, specializing in History and majoring in Economics. He also participates in the interfaculty curling, and in summer takes pleasure in golf and swimming.

As for our debaters, Parker Kent and Ed. McCormick, they need no introduction. Everybody turn out for this function—it won't cost you a cent! This is really an experiment on the part of the Students' Union—they are making it free to students. If there is any kind of support the students at all, eventually many more Students' Union functions will be made free to bearers of the Evergreen and Gold card.

Inter-Provincial Resolution Is Debated at Calmar

NO OFFICIAL DECISION GIVEN

Two of the University of Alberta interprovincial debating teams journeyed to Calmar, ten miles west of Leduc, to debate before a crowd of several hundred persons on Wednesday evening.

Ed McCormick and Parker Kent, who are representing the University in the interprovincial debate with Manitoba here tonight, supported the affirmative, and Bill Epstein and Ralph Collins, who will debate at Saskatchewan at the same time, argued the negative side of the subject, "Resolved that the economic salvation of Canada lies in the socialization of her finance and major industries."

In powerful style and with considerable wit and sound constructive information the debaters entertained their audience for two hours. The affirmative pointed out the failure of capitalism and the necessity of a planned socialistic economy in order to properly carry out the distribution

and exchange of Canada's plentiful supply of goods. The negative side endeavored to point out the impossibility and the impracticability of socialism and offered an alternative plan where, by means of proper regulation and control, the same aims as advanced by the affirmative, to wit, proper distribution and exchange of goods, could be arrived at.

No official decision was given, but the audience and various speakers who took part in the resulting discussion were loud in their praise of the debaters.

Keith French, graduate in the Pharmacy degree course of the University and at present Mayor of Calmar, was chairman for the evening. Following the debate, the debaters were regally entertained to a dance and banquet, and apart from nearly freezing on the way down and having to push the car out of the snowdrifts, the debaters had a most enjoyable trip.

Trans-Canada Debating Competition Over C.R.C.

N.F.C.U.S. ARRANGES SERIES OF DEBATES

TALK ON AMPHIBIANS GIVEN AT NEW CLUB

Zoological Society Holds Inaugural Meeting

The newly formed Zoological Society of the University got off to a very successful start on Wednesday evening at 7:30. The subject of the paper given was "Amphibians," and it was very capably handled by Messrs. Casper and Jackman. The serious nature of the society was well demonstrated by the thoroughly competent manner in which each speaker approached his topic, and it was very evident that the speakers had devoted many hours of serious study to the preparation of material. The meeting was opened by Mr. Rod Macdonald who, as chairman, introduced the first speaker, Mr. Casper. Mr. Casper chose as his subject, "The Frog, the Typical Amphibian," and dealt very comprehensively with its habits and anatomy. Mr. Jackman then gave a short history of the various amphibians, with very interesting sidelights of their geographical and geological distribution. The meeting was then thrown open for questions and matters of discussion.

This society is the brain (?) child of the Zoology 51 class. The meetings are open to all who care to attend, and anyone interested is cordially invited to be present at the next meeting on Jan. 31, when Mr. R. Macdonald and Mr. A. McEwen will deliver a paper on some zoological topic. Anyone wishing to make suggestions as to the government of this society, or who has topics to suggest for future papers, may submit them to Mr. Casper at The Gateway office. Such suggestions will be gladly received, and will be given careful consideration. Papers are prepared under the guidance of Dr. Hughes and Mr. Seaman, who have so kindly offered their assistance and support to the society. Watch the bulletin boards and The Gateway for announcements concerning future meetings.

Golden Bears to Meet Moose Domers Tonight

First of Two-Game Series Tonight in Upper Gym at 8:00 p.m.—Second Game Saturday Night

SENIOR CALGARY TEAM TO PLAY HERE

The Varsity Senior Men's Basketball team is in the final stage of preparations for their two-game series with the Calgary Moose Domers team, to be held in the Athabasca gym on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 19 and 20. The boys arrived back in Edmonton on Wednesday evening after playing four games with Raymond and Lethbridge in the south.

The Varsity team gained a great deal of much-needed experience while on their trip to the south, and by the time they played their last game in Lethbridge they were beginning to work together like a well-oiled machine.

Last year in their series with the Calgary Moose Dome team, Varsity won out by a very slim margin. At Varsity each team won one game, each game being won by the slim margin of one point. The second game at Varsity went into three periods of overtime, Varsity finally winning, when Buzz Fenerty sank two free shots out of two. These games were two of the most exciting games ever witnessed on a Varsity floor, and the crowd was kept on its toes all the time.

When the two teams clashed again at Calgary, Varsity won the first game by the margin of 20 points, and in only this one game was the score so large. In the second game Varsity was defeated by four points. These games in Calgary were also very exciting, Calgary at one time in the second game playing with only two men on the floor.

The Varsity team needs the support of every Varsity student. The game on Friday begins at 8:00 p.m.,

and on Saturday at 7:30 p.m. Come out and show the boys that you are behind them—two fine games are assured.

The basketball game on Saturday night will be followed by a House Dance in the gym at 8:30 p.m.

C.C.F. EXPONENT

Captain Elmore Philpott, M.C., gifted exponent of the principles of the C.C.F. from the province of Ontario, will speak in the New Empire theatre next Tuesday evening at eight o'clock, as noted in our advertising columns. Capt. Philpott has come rapidly to the front as one of Canada's leading public men since he broke his old political connections and threw in his lot with the Co-operative Commonwealth. He recently addressed a meeting in Massey Hall, Toronto, when the building was jammed to the roof despite the fact that entrance was by paid admission. It is necessary to charge 25 cents here to cover the heavy theatre rent and part of the captain's travelling expenses. Late comers will have to stand.

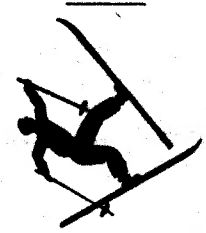
BELIEVE IT OR —?

(Apologies to Ripley)

Manager Art Wilson of the Varsity rink informs us that the attendance at this week's Varsity-Superior hockey game was exactly the same as at the Varsity-Superior game before Christmas—585 paid adult admissions and 19 children.

The daily and weekly newspapers are practically filled with news of rugby and other sports. The best of these is The Gateway from University of Alberta. It has several clear-cut action photos, it is well-captioned, and it makes use of colored inks to attract attention.—The Teck Flash, Halifax.

I Saw This Week



Lois Hammond out "skiing" with the Varsity Ski Club.

A marriage ceremony being performed on the fire escape of Athabasca.

Mary Sutherland back from Ponoka.

Bob Procter chiselling again.

The Basketball Team congratulating themselves.

Harold Riley asserting vociferously that the Year Book would be out by Feb. 1.

A Freshman at a House Dance in a tux.

A fight in the Varsity-Superiors hockey game.

Flora Williams at Tuck with Jack Balfour—Believe it or not!

ABOUT THIS UNDERGRAD DANCE!

Does the majority of the student body believe that the old University tradition of booking dance programs at an early date is a disadvantage and nuisance, or is it one of the "nice things" about our formal functions? How about it Taurus; a reply in the next edition of The Gateway of your unprejudiced opinion stimulated by that of your fellow students would be greatly appreciated by the House Ec. Executive.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY ENTERS FESTIVAL

U. of A. Society to Present "The Derelict" at Provincial Festival

The U. of A. will take another step forward next month when she enters the Provincial Dramatic Festival. Everything has not been settled yet, but here is the lowdown. The Dramatic Club this year, under the able directorship of Larry Davis and Mrs. Haynes, proposes to enter a play representing the University of Alberta in the Dramatic Festival to be held in Calgary during the latter part of next month. The consent of the Council has not yet been obtained, but Mr. Davis feels reasonably confident that it will be forthcoming.

"The Derelict," the play to be presented, was written by Mr. Thorlakson, of C.C.I., Calgary. It depicts the homely tragicness of a very ordinary family—it might be yours or mine—the familiar scene of a hard-working, capable father, hampered and limited on every side by the present depression, doing his best to give everything he can to his family. He is opposed in his views by the son, a swelled-brained youth, just out of college, whose head is filled with all sorts of ideas of ambition and laissez-faire individualism. It is a common situation, and yet how full it is of dramatic possibilities. Mixed in with this father and son contrast we have the female element, the boy's mother and his sweetheart. The result is a story brimming over with feeling, vitality and realism.

To place a fitting climax to round out this play to near perfection we have its cast, consisting of Miss Nora Young, Miss June Allsopp, Mr. Larry Davis and Mr. Eric Johnson, under the directorship of Mr. Davis, assisted by Mrs. Haynes.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta
Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

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LOOKING OUT

It is an inspiration to other University organizations to review the activities of the Philosophical Society. It has proven a truth that would seem almost axiomatic—if you find a need and serve it, your success is guaranteed.

An intensive organization campaign provided the largest student membership in history, support that well justified the ambitious program embarked on. Doubtless the great bulk of the credit goes to M. Sonet, whose enthusiasm awakened the society from its lethargic state, and virtually built the organization that has been such a credit to the University this year. However, we feel sure that he would be the last person not to acknowledge the importance of the interest among the student body that has made the undertaking possible.

In one of our early issues we commented on the awakening of a new interest and outlook within the University. The increasing attendance at the meetings of the Philosoph. seem to bear out our contention. We were interested in life outside our own doors, and they gave us what we wanted—the result is satisfaction to everyone. May next year's executive be wise enough and energetic enough to do likewise.

Something seems to be wrong with our Schedule Man, or his system. When two major functions come on the same night there is a slip-up somewhere in the arrangements.

The debating schedule was probably arranged before the basketball league drew theirs up. If such is the case, the basketball schedule could surely have been changed around so that the Calgary team came up to Edmonton last week-end and Varsity travelled this week.

The coincidence is particularly unfortunate in view of the fact that this is the first time that students may gain admission to a debate by presenting their green and gold cards. The attendance at the debate is sure to be impaired in spite of this added incentive for students to attend, and will thus be no criterion on which to judge the new system.

The operetta seems to have run into a snag. Operettas take a lot of time, and cannot be put on without intensive rehearsing, any better than you can work up a hockey or a rugby team. It may be that the executive did not realize this difficulty, or minimized it in the beginning. We cannot see how athletic teams can be allowed to practise two and three times a week, and then be away entirely for five or six days, and the operetta, requiring only weekly rehearsals up until two or three weeks before production, and then increasing to twice a week. The total amount of time spent would not be as great as that spent on one season's rugby squad.

It might be considered that the time, money and effort would have to be scrapped because it is impossible to produce such a show without the last minute rush.

Would it have been better to have done as the athletes do, and just taken off a whole week?



UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

In the calm bucolic era that is known as ante bellum—Which the erudite will recognize to mean "before the war"—

On a spacious old plantation in a humble, lowly station Dwelt a venerable negro known as Tom, and nothing more.

Though a man of deep religion, and of uncorrupted morals,
With a slightly morbid tendency to contemplate the grave,
Life for him held little promise, for, alas, poor Uncle Thomas
Was, to put the matter briefly, but a chattel and a slave.

Uncle Tom was held in bondage by an amiable planter, A benevolent aristocratic Southerner—St. Clare— Who possessed one child, a tender little maiden frail and slender,
Little Eva, sad, ethereal, with curly golden hair.

In the fragrance of the twilight, Uncle Tom would tell her stories,
Jolly anecdotes of funerals, tales of graveyards and the tomb.

Then they'd of the hereafter as her rippling girlish laughter
Mingled gayly with the Negro's merry chuckle through the room.

But, alas, this tender idyll soon was destined to be ended.
Little Eva's soul was wafted to the mansions of the blest,
'Mid the tearful lamentations of her friends and her relations—
Which, considering her tenderness, perhaps was for the best.

Then St. Clare, her stricken father's inconsiderably murdered,
Leaving Tom, the faithful servitor, disheartened and bereft.
When the sheriff came to levy, for the debts were large and heavy,
Poor old Tom was found the only liquid asset left.

Now a tragic shadow falls across our melancholy story,
Gone, alas, the subtle fragrance of the days that used to be.
Crushed and broken by disaster to his kind and gentle master
Uncle Tom is sold at auction to a scoundrel named Legree.

Follow days of cruel torture. Poor old Tom is lashed and beaten
By the heartless drunken reprobate, the villainous Legree.
This unpleasant situation was before the liberation
Of the slaves by Mr. Lincoln January '63.

Retribution, stern, relentless, overtakes the brutal scoundrel,
For Legree is now arrested for the murder of St. Clare;
But poor old Uncle Tom is lying in his squalid cabin dying,
While a male quartet sings tenderly an old plantation air.

Thus he dies, and so concludes this sad and melancholy drama,
Which is based upon the celebrated book by Mrs. Stowe.

Let us praise the strength and bravery of the man who banished slavery—
I refer to Mr. Lincoln, who was shot some years ago.
—This literary gem was purloined exclusively for Casserole from an old issue of the Saturday Evening Post.



PRO

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—There has been much discussion on the question of floodlights for the grid, and the articles and editorials in your paper have driven me to write this.

I once saw a plan of this University as it will be in the future. Comparing it with the present outlay makes me think I am attending a one-room country public school (perhaps I should be, Taurus). It should be the desire of every student to do his best to hurry the University on its way to that goal. It has been amply proven by larger universities all over this continent that the quickest way to increase a university's enrollment and to bring in endowments, is to have a championship rugby team. This is one step toward the building up of such a team that we most certainly should not hesitate to take.

This year has seen the throwing out of the old worn-out "Year Book," and its place taken by a new and beautiful edition, of which we may all be proud (get your pictures in early, please!). It has also seen the establishment of the bi-weekly Gateway, a step in the right direction. Why must we stop in the literary field? Why not some other type of constructive undertaking?

The Carnegie Trust has seen fit to invest \$50,000 in our University, which is to be spent in its advancement (Heaven forbid it be spent in planting flowers and trees!) Why cannot the students see fit to risk a mere \$3,000 on an undertaking which has a better than equal chance of paying high dividends, and which will not cost the students personally a single cent except their support at future rugby games. I know of one instance where the gate receipts jumped directly from an average of \$35 a game to over \$300. If you think you are going to be cold at a night game, why not take along a girl! You will be warm and the team will get more revenue.

If Canada is beginning a new period of reconstruction, why can not the University do likewise. Here is a sport which in other universities has proved the paymaster of all other sports, and which is quite capable of doing the same here, if given a fair chance. If our Golden Bears were matched with teams from other colleges instead of Calgary's "boiler-makers," they would show their worth and bring far more honor to our University as Western Canada intercollegiate champions than as the last team in the provincial league. And next year's team will be quite capable of winning such a championship if the proper student support is forthcoming, and it's about time it was!

It is the duty of every student to help his University grow and prosper. We now have a chance to do so. Let us give our full support to the athletic executive in their venture, and bring back fair intercollegiate sport instead of the steam-roller type dish-ed up by other provincial teams. And by the way, the first step would be to support the intercollegiate hockey next week.

If any one doubts any of these statements, then "come up and see me some time."

Yours truly,

D. P. M.

CON

January 17, 1934.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—From the recent issues of The Gateway it would appear that the supporters of the floodlight scheme are putting forth every effort and taking every opportunity to advertise their scheme through your columns. We find the Sports Editor going out of his way to "pan" Taurus, the one source of constructive criticism at work on this campus, and by that we do not mean that we agree with all his criticisms. But we do agree with him on this subject, and we will admit that he may have been mistaken regarding some facts quoted, but no one can deny the underlying idea of his article.

We realize that the supporters' theory would entail no expense to the students, but do theories always prove themselves in practice? In this connection, it is worthy of note that the Edmonton and District Football Association are asking the city to cancel a debt of well over \$500 for the rent of Diamond Park. Being as optimistic as possible, considering this and the facts outlined by Taurus and your recent editorial, we fail to see where the investment would differ in any way, except volume, with that of the Canadian National Railways or the Wheat Pools.

In concluding, may we trust that our present Council will refuse to act without a vote of the students, and if the students favor it we will pay our share.

Yours truly,

CAMBY G. GILLESPIE.

full.
Psi—Psi, Psi, Senior.
Omego—I wanna can of tOmegoes.

Just a short poem:
Girls when in the sun's fierce rays
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;
The gym roof sees a modern phase—
They dress there like her cupboard.
—College News.

And the week's worst joke:
Smith—So your son left college because of poor eyesight?
Jones—Yes, he mistook the dean of women for a co-ed.

We'll be seein' ya.



Bims Become Budding Boxers

From Madison comes the news that the Wisconsin co-eds have been discussing the possibilities of initiating a boxing squad. The men, of course, don't appreciate this invasion into their territory. They have stood by and watched the fair sex swim the English channel, fly across the ocean, and even start a football team, but this is too much. "We will," they say, "have to take immediate drastic action unless we want our culture to measure feminine beauty by the number of nose bumps and the size of cauliflower ears."

Already the girls have begun to show an unbelievable interest in the sport, and evidence of their plans to go ahead are obvious all over.

"Let's step a couple of rounds—I don't mean beer or dancing, but just a good, old-fashioned fight," has become a common greeting in corridors, and echoes of "let's try the haymaker and left hook" resound from room to room.

Punchdrunk, eh?

Then up and down the hall we can imagine the femmes in a stand-up lead, a crouch, bobbing or weaving, and cries of "knock 'em down and drag 'em away," "she'll be walking on her heels," "throw a million gloves at her," and other such professional colloquialisms that have been added to the latest conversations, and no longer does "shop-talk" of school occupy the

topic of table conversation, but shades of the most popular boxing terms take prime position.

Imagine seeing the objects of your dreams, the exquisite creatures we picture floating around in yards and yards of dainty materials, ambulating about on the hill with a bow-legged stride and with hands clenched ready to "haul" off at anything handy.

Write Your Congressman

What will be the result if these co-eds carry out their plans? That's why we're giving you the lowdown on it—so that you can suggest that your friends forego such plans and retain the remnants of femininity that originated with Eve—what would Adam say?

Speaking of women, here are a few paragraphs from an Essay on Women in the Ubysses. Maybe we're awfully prejudiced, but we think they're just about right.

Women are divided into two classes—women who talk most of the time and those who are planted in cemeteries.

Women have worked men out of every job except that of being a father. A woman may have twenty-seven hand-painted hangers, each draped with a dress, and then say that she hasn't a rag to her back, while a man will look through the shiny seat of his pants and be filled with hope that they will keep him from indecent exposures until the coat is paid for.

A woman will have eleven other women in to bridge, spend fourteen dollars on roses, prizes, salted peanuts, whipped cream and olives, and if a man bring home to dinner a good old scout who has saved him from the sheriff, the ball and chain will tell him that she isn't running a soup kitchen for all the bums in

town.

A woman will cut her dress down from the top or up from the bottom for the benefit of man, and then says she has been insulted should he take an eyeful to show his appreciation.

A woman is soft of flesh, soft of heart and often soft of head, but she becomes harder than case-hardened roller-bearings when some other woman speaks to her bundle carrier.

The University of South Carolina is responsible for the following Greek alphabet. Read it quickly, and then try an aspirin and a good sleep. This is the worst one we have ever seen with the exception of Pot Pourri:
Alpha—We're Alpha a drink.
Beta—You'd Beta not try.
Gamma—Where'd you get those big eyes, Gamma?

Delta—He Delta lousy hand.
Epsilon—I wanna bottle of Epilson salts.

Zeta—She's funny Zeta way.
Eta—She Eta piece of cake (Aha! we fooled you!)

Theta—Who's Theta the big, bad wolf?
Iota—I don't know, but Iota.

Kappa—Will you loan me a Kappa to bottle some brew?
Lambda—I Lambda on the head.

Mu—The cat Mus. (The sound is peculiar to cats. Not to be confused with moo of cows).
Nu—No Nus is good Nus.

Xi—Let's Xi and you take a drink out of your bottle.
Omicron—Omicron hurts.

Pi—Gimme a hunk of epple Pi.
Rho—Rho, Rho, Rho your boat.

Sigma—I Sigma I shall never see, a poem as lovely as a tree.
Tau—I'm going Tau Birmingham.

Upsilon—Upsilon long trail a wind-ing.
Chi—I'm sorry, but I have a Chi

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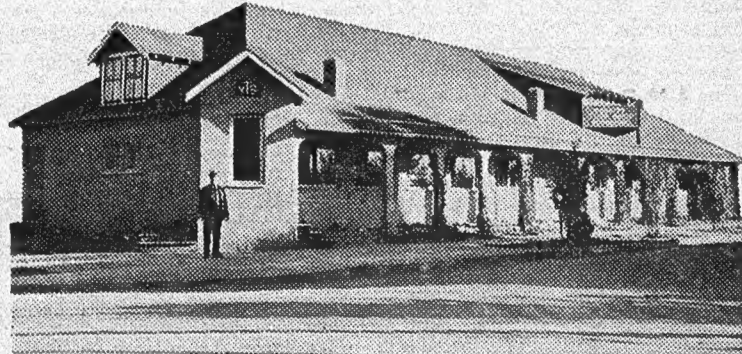
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HEATED SEDANS

RINK NOTICE

Tuesday afternoon the rink is open for ladies' skating. A number of bands will be played, commencing at 2:30. Here is an opportunity to improve your style with less interference. This offer is open only to season ticket holders and members of the Ladies' Skating Club.
Thursday the rink is also open from 2 to 3:30 for general skating to season ticket holders only.

GRADUATES

Epitaphs are now a week overdue. Please hand them in not later than Tuesday, Jan. 23rd. Here is a sample epitaph:
Name: Rose Ann Wrote.
From: Iowa.
Degree: B.A. (Be Active).
Ten words: "Ahl! These words in praise of looks, Lines that do delay the book."

S. O. S.

A student at Carnegie Tech, after wrestling unsuccessfully for some time with a problem in calculus, made an appeal by short wave radio for assistance. The answer was radioed to him by a University of Texas student.—Golden Gater.

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The Emperor Paul

By Fraser Macdonald

Those who were not too obsessed with examinations just before Christmas to find time to see Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones" enjoyed a rare treat. The screen drama was written by two eminent playwrights, DeBose Heyward, the author of "Porgy," who wrote the long prologue to the original stage play of Eugene O'Neill. The result is a photoplay unique on the screen (even though its theme reminded one of John Vandercook's "Black Majesty"). O'Neill's play shows us the black emperor of a small West Indies island who flees through the jungle from his revolting subjects, his arrogant self-confidence melting from him till he runs in mad panic into the camp of his pursuers. Heyward tells us the story of how he became emperor—his career through pullman porter, chain gang convict, and slave on the island of which he soon makes himself emperor. This part of the picture I found more interesting than the original O'Neill section. The transition is easily noticed, for the Heyward portion is smooth, natural and moving, whereas O'Neill tends to be stiff and stager. But the whole is gripping and colorful.

Excellent as the film is, the memory one carries most vividly is that of the vivid, electric personality of Paul Robeson. By Personality I don't mean any cheap flashy sexy

personality; it is that something which transcends all things to proclaim, "This is a Man!"—a great man whose friendship, if one could possess it, would be a precious treasure, a treasure that few people would feel truly worthy to own. And it all goes to show how ridiculous racial prejudices are. Even the most tolerant of us are apt to say, "Colored people are just as good as white people," which is really very noble and magnanimous when you come to think of it. Such childish snobbery is utterly shameful when one regards Paul Robeson—we might do well to aspire to be "as good as" he.

Paul Robeson was born in Princeton, N.J., in 1898, the son of a minister, who in his youth had been a runaway slave. Paul graduated from Rutgers University in 1919 with high honors—averages of about 95 per cent. His athletic record was equally extraordinary, and he made the All-American football team in 1916 and 1917. He graduated from Columbia Law School in 1923, but he never practiced; instead he became an actor. The Provincetown Players invited him to play the leading roles in O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones" and "All God's Chillun Got Wings"; O'Neill himself was a member of this group, and since that time has been one of Robeson's closest friends. Robeson's theatrical career began at this date; his career as a concert singer commenced in 1925. That year he also went to London to play "The Emperor Jones." It has been in Europe that Mr. Robeson has been most successful, and most happy—for Europeans are not fettered by color prejudices. When he sang "O! Man River" in the London presentation of "Show Boat" his success was overwhelming; and it was there, in 1929, he realized his long-cherished dream of playing "Othello." Robeson has a gloriously beautiful deep bass voice, such as only negroes seem to possess; he has a marvellous physique, and he has a warm, flashing, devastating smile.

It had also been the long-cherished dream of Dudley Murphy to direct a film version of "The Emperor Jones" with Paul Robeson. Dudley Murphy came into prominence among artistic circles several years ago with his strange and remarkable little film "Ballet Mechanique." He made "The Emperor Jones" under terrific handicaps, but he did a wonderful job of it. True, it could have been better in several places, but its faults can be forgiven for the excellence of the whole.

The music in the film, and of which there is an abundance, was arranged by the famous negro folk-song compiler, Rosemunde Johnstone. Listen to the beautiful spirituals, and listen to the St. Louis Blues sung as it should be sung.

But best of all, go and see Paul Robeson.

Unfortunate Coincidence

By the time you swear you're his, Shivering and sighing, And he vows his passion is Infinite, undying— Lady, make a note of this: One of you is lying.

—Dorothy.

POT POURRI

Percival the Pervert, in His Usual Punderous Fashion, Blasts Any Remaining Illusions On the Subjects of Sidewalks, Radio Commissions, Wealthy University Students, and Governments and Oppositions.

By Percival Hodnut

We're sorry; it seems impossible to prevent periodic rebirth of the urge to write for the college rag. Just as a comfortable lassitude creeps in to make us too lazy to act journalistically, someone remarks that they have enjoyed our variegated literary gems (?). That does it: the old machinery swings painfully into action, grinding and wheezing at first, then settling into its rhythm with just slightly better sound and efficiency. And no matter how poor the quality of the plant's output, we feel better for its production.

This Is In-Taurus-icating

Taurus McCormick sometimes has an opinion with which we can agree: last week he had one of those times and opinions, and the St. Joe-to-Pembina stretch came in for justifiable viewing with alarm.

If it had not been for our company during it, we should say that a recent navigation of that perilous route was one of the most miserable trips we've made in a long time. We prefer the comparative safety of traffic jams overtaken to strolling over the deceptively calm-looking campus prospect. Even the fraternity dance is a less dangerous item, despite the combined attacks staged by co-eds and stenographers.

The Sins of Commission

Having cornered the Technique of Lethargic News Broadcasts, having learned the gentle art of keeping anything really newsworthy out of those same, and having learned little or nothing from the efficient American broadcasting systems (with regard to good form and intelligent control manipulation in program announcing), the Canadian Radio Commission is in addition responsible for a weekly example of the height of absurdity and bad manners. Our reference is to the methods used in bringing the Metropolitan Opera House broadcasts to Canada audiences.

Milton J. Cross, veteran N.B.C. announcer, is the well-informed narrator for the programs, and is always worth listening to. Many people do not know the story on which a particular opera is based: Milton J. could tell them, and does, but they hear him not. Many would like to know something of the singers: again, Milton J. could tell them, and does, but still they hear him not.

They're Qualified Tobacco Program.

Aren't They? You see, it is part of Milton's job to give credit to the sponsor of the program in the U.S. (and any company backing such broadcasts ought to get credit for them). Everyone who reads radio programs knows that the American Tobacco Company is our benefactor, in any case. The C.R.C., however, cut Mr. Cross off the Canadian network when they suspect a commercial announcement, and with it they prevent us hearing his narration for the Opera. The technique of the "cutting" has been so sloppy on several occasions that the American Tobacco Company's sponsorship has been revealed to us in spite of the Commission's precautions. This would be funny if we got the rest of the N.B.C. announcer's remarks too. As it is, it's crude and exasperating.

You can't buy lucky strikes here anyway.

Is R.B. the New De'il?

In case the dear public is thinking that the U. student in the Canadian and American institutions is living off the fat of the land even in these days, we recommend a survey of conditions. We have seen reports that would change the minds of many with regard to the financial standing of a large percentage of students.

One prominent California university has had a hundred or more students living in appalling circumstances. Relief committees there and elsewhere have been appointed to take care of such cases and have uncovered stories which would make "tame" many of those brought forth by Friends Journal and Bulletin whenever Christmas rolls around. Not a great many students desire education so tremendously that they would include themselves among the mentioned unfortunates, one must freely admit: the number is greater than most "outsiders" suspect, however—in Canada, too.

We're still waiting for a Canadian New Deal. For everybody.

Aren't They Ananias Bunch? The "Old Lying"—pardon, "Old Line"—parties are never at a loss for a good answer to the plea of the day that governments change their ideas in order to keep abreast of the times. We have beautiful examples in Alberta of their attitude.

A certain Alberta party leader once delivered an address which was perfect in its class to a group of supposedly intelligent university students. It happened not very long ago, and we speak of it from personal knowledge and not by report.

The gentleman said among other things that no new ideas could be advanced to take care of new days. The reason for this was obvious and soul-satisfying: the two old English (and by inference, Canadian) parties evolved all the ideas necessary to efficient and happiness-vending government decades ago. "If you think you have a new system, if you think you can improve on the ideas of these men who have gone before you, you belong with the Radicals, the Reds. Get in with them and stay there!"

We think we have distorted neither wording nor substance.

A fine, enlightened attitude, offered to a fine, enlightened group, in a fine, enlightened age.

We were disgusted, sort of.

CO-ED COLUMNS

TO J.

"THE YOUNGEST DRAMA"

"Chiselling" verbatim is the most vitriolic of crimes in the press world, yet often a polished selection from a real artist so overwhelms one with a sense of his own utter feebleness as to reduce him to rank cribbing. Here it is—from Ashley Duke's "The Youngest Drama":

"Drama may be either a mirror or an expression of the times. In Congreve, Wycherley, and Sheridan it was a mirror; in the great Elizabethans an expression. It was a mirror in the youngest Dumas, but an expression in Ibsen and Strindberg. It was a mirror in the leisurely comedy of Henry Arthur Jones or Hubert Davies, but an expression in the shimmering wit of Oscar Wilde or the shattering penetration of Bernard Shaw. It is a mirror in the amiable comedy of A. A. Milne, the satirical comedy of Somerset Maugham, the faithful realism of St. John Ervine, the critical realism of C. K. Munro; but an expression in the plays of Claudel, Andrew, Toller or Pirandello. The culture of a weary and skeptical age was mirrored in the plays of the Parisian boulevard: the restless spirit of a culture shaken to its foundations is expressed in the drama of the Prague. Our realists endeavour to set pygmies on the stage; and our poets grope in the urn of history for ashes of greatness into which may be breathed the spirit of today. High comedy, that classic mirror of the leisured graces, is gravelled for lack of manners on which to exercise its spirit; and tragedy . . . stirs dumbly among a people that has suffered mutilation and debasement. The degradation of a culture, whether in comfortable Western Europe or seething Middle Europe or chaotic Russia, touches the dramatist closely. Not a bomb is manufactured, not a military personage clanks his spurs across the street, not a Napoleon of the hired Press issues orders to his absequious staff but the wells of humanity are poisoned and the minds of human fantasy corrupted. The re-birth of a culture likewise touches the dramatist. Not a voice is raised for the things of the imagination but an audience gathers eagerly to listen."

I rather liked you till one day,
—You didn't care for things aesthetically.
A chance remark did come my way.
And all who did were quite pathetic.
Then not seven nights ago,
Did I behold you speaking low,
With a creature fair to see,
Which really quite did puzzle me.
Long I tried to figure out
Why your mind had changed about.
At last to me the answer came,
Why every man is just the same:
—Truth is really only fiction;
Life is just a contradiction.

—D. B. L.

Those who received the \$3.00 refund for Evergreen and Gold last October can still secure a Year Book by paying \$3.00 in to the cashier immediately. We would suggest you do this not later than Feb. 7, because only a limited number of books will be printed, depending on the number who have purchased Year Books on that date.

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J's ANSWER

The shades fall low and cloistered in my soul—
I deem full well the value that I've lost.
But pause, do, ere you call the chapter closed,
And listen to a heart that's tempest-tossed.

For, by your little actions was it plain,
And by your eyes that shone for other men
You held an ideal—I was not the man;
I but took you at your word, why then

Expect me to eschew all girls and not
To drown my doubts in other women's eyes?
I still think of you. Unfortunately
One cannot easily break old clinging ties.

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AND

HIT No. 2: SPENCER TRACY in

"20,000 Years in Sing Sing"

VARSITY LOSES SECOND GAME TO SOOPS

Maybank Sensational When Varsity Drops to Soops

McConnell and Kinnear Bag Varsity Tallies, While Joe Brown Shines for Meat Packers

Giving one of the greatest displays of net-minding ever seen on Varsity ice, Goalie Maybank, of Al Wilson's senior club, held the goal-scoring

INTERFACULTY HOCKEY WEEK-END SCHEDULE

"A" League
Friday, Jan. 19th—5:30-6:30, Arts vs. Science.
Saturday, Jan. 20th—3:00-4:00, Dent-Pharm vs. Ag-Com-Law; 4:00-5:00, Arts vs. Meds.
"B" League
Saturday, Jan. 20th—1:00-2:00, Ag-Com-Law-Pharm vs. Med-Dents; 6:00-7:00, Arts vs. Science.
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Superiors to four goals Tuesday night. Time after time the "Soop" forwards were right through on him, but the little red-head outguessed them with uncanny precision. Giving the fans thrills aplenty and keeping them on their toes through the performance, Maybank robbed the tricky Crossland, speedy Joe Brown, and kept Jimmy Graham from sniping corners with his terrific drives.

Neither club showed the speed or combination plays of which they are capable, but played steady hockey, with Varsity carrying the offensive most of the night. Not until Joe Brown and Lammie broke away and scored the Soops' fourth goal with but 10 seconds to go, was the encounter definitely settled.

Varsity's first line of Kinnear, McConnell and Cruickshanks showed up well and deserved their two goals. The second line could not seem to get going at all.

McConnell Gets First One

Varsity opened the play in the first period, carrying the puck right to Stuart's citadel. Montgomery retaliated with a hard shot on Maybank, Crossland missing the rebound. Play rushed from end to end, with Varsity's line boring into the Superior defence. Lammie took a two-minute penalty, and Varsity turned on a power play which resulted in the first goal of the game. Kinnear, McConnell and Cruickshanks worked in close, McConnell sinking the rubber on a pretty pass from Cruickshanks. Superiors began to take the game seriously, and repeatedly brought Maybank to his knees. Crossland evened it up three minutes after Varsity's goal, when he scored from a few feet out on McIntyre's rebound.

From the face-off in the second period Cruickshanks and Gibson broke through the Superior defence, but missed an open net after drawing Stuart out of the goal. Four minutes from the opening Joe Brown took Crossland's pass in front of the net, and gave Maybank no chance to save on a hard shot from a few feet out.

Crossland went through again, but Maybank smothered his shot. Graham put the Superiors up another notch on a hard drive from a difficult angle a few minutes later. Varsity worked hard to get back into the running, Burgess and Cruickshanks missing open goals in quick succession.

Kinnear scored Varsity's second goal on a pass from Burgess. It was the best goal of the night. Taking a fast pass from the corner Kinnear banged it into the net before Stuart

AG-COM-LAW HOLD SCIENCE TO 3-3 TIE

Ford and Gordon Shine for Engineers; Cauty and Gibson For A-C-L

Staging a five-men offensive rally in the third period which netted them two goals, the Ag-Com-Laws came from behind to tie the Engineers 3-3 in a scheduled interfac hockey game played Monday night.

From the start three-men combination plays were in evidence, and several clever saves were made by both goalies. Late in the first period Thompson, on an individual rush, took a corner shot from the right boards which had Goalie Devaney beaten all the way.

In the second period the Engineers had the better of the play, the Ag-Com-Laws lacking finish around the nets. Gordon scored the first goal for Science soon after the period was under way. This was followed by a three-man combination play of the Engineers, which was culminated by McKee slamming in the puck, Gibson in the nets having no chance to save. Lewis scored the third goal for Science towards the end of the period.

From the commencement of the final period the Ag-Com-Laws pressed in on Devaney continually. Time and time again he was called upon to save. Gibson and Heartaere, on a pass from Cauty, scored in quick succession to even the score. At this stage of the game the old rivalry between these two teams began to manifest itself, but by the end of the game the players were sufficiently cool to ascend to the dressing rooms without further trouble.

The lineups were as follows:
Ag-Com-Law: Gibson, Thompson, McElroy, Cauty, Heartaere, Gibson, Love, McCormick, Allsopp, Polomark, Semenik.

Science—Devaney, Parks, Boles, Robertson, Ford, Gordon, Lewis, Millar, Gardner, McKee.

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DEFENCE STALWART



JACK TALBOT

Who is going to Saskatoon with the hockey squad. Jack has been playing a good game on defence all season.

SPORTING SLANTS

By George Casper

A real exhibition of basketball should be handed out to hoop enthusiasts tonight when the Golden Bears lock horns with the Calgary Moose Domers. The Domers turned out a real team last year, and we understand they have a first-rate machine again this season. They have, however, lost one good player to us in the person of Claire Malcolm, sharpshooting forward, who showed up well on the recent tour of the southern part of the province.

Although the Henderson squad returned Wednesday night without any points to their credit, we feel we cannot agree with those who claim that the trip was unsuccessful, because although they came back defeated, they have learned a lot due to experience, and it is that in the long run which makes winning material.

We feel we must congratulate the Senior Women's Hockey team upon the wonderful sportsmanlike spirit that they are showing this year, because although they are swamped time and again—not due to lack of trying, but to inexperience—they come up smiling ready for another game. Here's to you, girls.

Great competition is being evidenced in interfaculty hockey circles now that the league is well under way, due to the efficient management of Ev Borgal. The Science team particularly has the "goods" as far as players are concerned; we might say that this team is where Al Wilson "farms out" his surplus. The other squads in the league, nevertheless, are giving these boys a good run for their money.

When Al Wilson and his senior team board the train tonight for Saskatoon to hook up with the "Huskies" on Saturday and Monday nights, we wish them all luck, urging them to bring back the bacon. The University of Saskatchewan will return the games here on Jan. 26 and 27.

As far as we know, only twelve men will make the trip, this number comprised of the regular team of ten men, the coach and Manager Harvey Fish. Bon voyage, boys!

could attempt to save.

The green and gold pucksters turned on their speed in the third stanza in an attempt to get the tying marker, many times leaving only one defence man to protect their goalie, but Maybank "did his part." Midway through the period Horne kicked at the treatment handed him by Talbot, and proceeded to demonstrate his pugilistic abilities, but Referee Campbell soon stopped that; Horne took a five-minute rest, while Talbot got two minutes. Gibson appeared lonesome for his partner, so he proceeded to kick the skates away from an attacking forward, and he also took a two-minute rest in the cooler. Superiors took command of the play while Varsity had only four men on the ice, but they could not get the rubber behind Maybank.

When the Varsity men came back to the ice the play switched to the other end, and Goalie Stuart was called on to make some spectacular saves to keep the boys from counting. The Varsity team took a one-minute penalty for having too many men on the ice, but they continued to keep the play inside the Packers' blue line. Ten seconds before the bell Joe Brown brown away with Lammie, and

with no one to beat but the goalie, scored the last goal on a hard shot from close range.

The lineups:

Superiors: Stuart, Lammie, Montgomery, McIntyre, Graham, Horne, Purcell, Crossland, B. Brown, J. Brown.

Varsity: Maybank, Gibson, Talbot, Burgess, Kinnear, McConnell, Cruickshanks, Scott, Rule, Ferguson.

Referee: C. S. Campbell.

Summary

1st period: 1, Varsity, McConnell (Cruickshanks), 9:22; 2, Superiors, Crossland (McIntyre), 6:50. Penalties: Lammie.

2nd period: 3, Superiors, J. Brown (Crossland, 4:25; 4, Superiors, Graham; 5, Varsity, Kinnear (Burgess), 3:15. Penalties: Lammie.

3rd period: 6, Superiors, J. Brown (Lammie), 19:50. Penalties: Horne (5), Talbot (2), Gibson (2), U. of A. team (1).

ICE CARNIVAL, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 24, 8:15.

WORM HOCKEY

Stinking Earthworms Outcrawl Wireworms by 4-3 Score

The second knot in the Worm League tangle was tied Tuesday afternoon when the Stinking Earthworms wriggled their way through to the front end of a 4-3 score.

Earthworm "Bore-in" Parks started things when he slipped through the Wire network made up of "Susceptance" Boles, "Big Shock" Gordon, "Emf" Willis, "Resistance" Ritchie and "Conductance" Young, and shoved the puck past the goalie, "Non-lilier Impedance" Ford. The goal-tender is excused for letting the pill get past him, because he claims he was thinking of something else at the time.

After the Sinking Earth combination of "Sitting Bull" Foster and "Small Bit" Smith had slipped another past the undaunted Ford, Manager Jordan of the Wires reprimanded "Broken Beam" Ford for allowing too much earthy work to go at the blue lines. He electrified the run-down Wire team by recharging with "Two-Volt" Gardiner, "Milliamper

Burke, "Korona" Krull and "Kilo Watt" Stephens.

Goalie MacKenzie of the Stinking Earth was talking to Slug Proctor at the other end of the ice when the Wireworms pushed the puck past him a few times. As soon as the Wireworms began to show their spark, Manager "Dirty" Millar called full time at about half-time to save his proteges from certain defeat.

SENIOR HOCKEY

On Tuesday night the Varsity Senior Hockey team will have another chance to tie for top place with the league leading Superiors. This may well be a crucial game for the Golden Bears since a win will not only almost guarantee them a playoff berth but show that they have more than an outside chance to win the city if not the provincial championship.

LEAGUE STANDING

	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Pts.
Superiors	4	1	0	25	9	8
Varsity	3	2	0	17	15	6
Canadians	1	3	1	13	10	3
Crescents	1	2	1	6	16	3

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